

PLUTO, the Prince of Darkness,

His ENTERTAINMENT of

Coll. Algernoon Sidney,

Upon His Arrival at the INFERNAL PALACE.

With the Congratulations of the *Fanatick Cabal* for his Arrival There.

To the Tune of, *Hail to the Mistle shade, &c.*



PLUTO.

Room for great ALGERNOON,
You *Furies* that stand in his way
Let an Officer to Me come,
Who serv'd me every day,
Promoting Sedition and Evil,
To alter the Church and the State,
He deserves an Imployment in *Hell*,
He has done great service of late.

PLUTO.

He's one of the Damn'd old Crew,
Who Voted the Death of the *King*,
At *Oxford* again he did sue
To be at the self-same thing.
All Mischiefs on Earth devis'd,
All hazards he also did run,
To render my Name solemniz'd
With the Rabble of *London Town*.

PLUTO.

To MONARCHIE he was a Foe,
RELIGION he always disdain'd,
'Gainst Government and *Laws* too,
Damn'd Anarchy he maintain'd:
I'll give Thee Preferment here,
Since *Engl.* has banisht thee thence,
Brave *Sidney* thou need'st not fear,
Thou shalt have great recompence.

SHAFTSBURY.

Now Monarchy has prevail'd,
Our *Fanatick Plots* to defeat,
On whom is the Cause entail'd?
Who'l stand it in spite of Fate?
We that maintain'd it so long,
From Justice were forced to fly;
If you then had come along,
You needed not there to die.

ESSEX.

The *Faction*s are quite undone,
For loss of the *Fanatick Peers*:
Now *Shaftsbury* and I are gone,
Poor *Oates*! has he lost his ears?
For *Monm.* our *Shams* and *Intrigues*
To th'world has plainly declar'd,
And *Howard* our solemn *Leagues*,
In the Plot a long time prepar'd,

RUSSELL.

I'm glad you are safe arriv'd,
Tho' I doubt you met *Jack* by the
Now *Monm.* is reconcil'd, [way;
What a plague is become of *Gray*?
Rebellion could ne'r disallow
Conspiring against the *Prince*,
Thoughl by a *Sham-dying Vow*
Did plead great *Immocence*.